

JohnOfE

The furry

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INSIDE THIS FURRY.

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I'm not so bad... when you exclude my horrendous sexual deviations. There are some pretty messed up people out there and while I may fall way out of the realm of what you'd call normal, I'm pretty typical. In fact, the only thing that's worth talking about here is my strange sexual behaviour because apart from that I'm pretty unremarkable. When you take the sexual side away from me, I'm just a reclusive guy who spends his days working and his nights resting, enjoying music and TV. When it comes to sex however, I could write pages. The biggest portion of my sexual deviance is reserved for a cartoon beaver named Norbert. Following close behind are the only other cartoon characters that I have love for; Brian Griffin and Dog Footrot. Those two dogs are practically treated the same as Norbert so I won't need to explain about them as much as I'm about to about Norbert.

What I feel for Norbert Beaver is unlike any love I have felt before, over time I have come to accept that it is true love and not just a fetish. How can you measure love when you have not felt it for a human before? I have no base of comparison yet as practically all my so called love has been directed at fictional characters. In the end, I am completely sure that what I feel for Norbert is genuine love, there's no other way of putting it. I cannot escape him, no matter how many times I have tried in the past to lead a normal life without him; he has managed to pull me back. Although he may be a slave to me and under my full control, sometimes I feel as though I am a slave to him and unable to leave his virtual grasp. It took me many years to accept him completely and surrender

myself to him. He is mine and I am his. Even if I somehow manage to break away from him and have a proper relationship with a human, he will never fully leave me.

My first cartoon crush is a bit of a questionable topic as I have loved cartoons a bit more than I should all my life. I have never been a furry in my young years but I do recall just a few isolated cases where I had an unnatural attraction towards a cartoon. Back when I was a child, cartoon characters such as Roger Rabbit, Yakko and Wakko Warner and Dog from the Footrot Flats movie were characters that I felt a strange bond with. I loved them, and I remember longing to be with them and even to embrace them. I was very self conscious about it and never shared these thoughts with anyone. In fact, I was always ashamed about watching cartoons in the presence of my parents even though it was normal for kids my age to watch them. My love for cartoons was very repressed and I never got the change to explore my feelings for them. As time went by, I forgot about these strange attractions and got on with my life. It wasn't until late 2003 that I unwittingly rediscovered my strange attraction towards cartoon characters. It didn't start with Norbert I regret to report. It was a stupid fucking Pokemon called Lugia; a flying sea dragon thingy. I never felt love for anything before Lugia and it was a totally new thing for me as I had recently become matured sexually and this love was mixing with young lust. It wasn't more than a month before my little obsession turned sexual. I'll leave it at that.

A couple of months later a series I had never seen before started airing on TV3 in the mornings at 8am called The Angry Beavers. It was new to me back then and I later found out it was rather old and had in fact ended production over 2 years prior to me watching it for the first time. Cartoon repression I

guess. Anyway, The Angry Beavers was a fantastic show and I loved it, it was captivating for some reason, I found myself feeling thrilled at the sight of Norbert Beaver and I'd find myself watching it just to see him. I knew what was happening but it didn't worry me, this new character excited me and I loved the feelings he caused me to have when I'd watch him. I was beginning to love Norbert.

At this time in early 2004, I had just got the internet. All my life I have lived without technology, in the year of Windows XP I got my first computer, a 386 running Windows 3.0 that did nothing at all useful. It took me a long time to save the money for my first laptop which was a Pentium II running Windows 2000. So of course, during my first stages of becoming a furry, I was completely unaware of furies or what they were or that there were any people out there who were into cartoons the same way I was just beginning to be. I became a furry before I had internet which proves that internet did not create furies. Beside the point, I had recently got my new laptop and had internet for the first time in my life in the form of dial up 28kbps and managed to source my first image of Norbert Beaver online.

Guess what I ended up doing with that picture; you bet 'cha.

And so, my lust for Norbert was expressed and I unknowingly started a relationship with a cartoon beaver that would last me for the rest of my life. Lugia was forgotten and good riddance to that. Stupid fucking Pokemon.

Before Norbert, when I was with Lugia, I began drawing for the first time. I had never been artistic and sucked horribly at drawing. Lugia drove me to draw and I managed to do some almost passable drawings which look horrible to me now. Regardless, that's how I started drawing. When I moved on to Norbert, the trend followed. I attempted drawing Norbert and Daggett out of sheer desire for

them and I never really stopped. Drawing them was my way of getting closer to them, a way of controlling and owning them. It made me feel good. I don't know how to describe it exactly other than I was simply driven to draw them. Over time, I got somewhat good and learned art simply out of love for a particular character. Since then, whenever I have lusted for a character, I have felt driven to draw them. Norbert and Daggett are the only characters I have drawn enough times to get good, I have tried with other and failed horribly. Only recently have I managed to draw Brian Griffin to a passable standard, which I am very happy about. Drawing Norbert and Brian is a fantastic form of release for me, love for them is the only reason for my art, without them my art would not exist.

IS IT A DANGEROUS OBSESSION?

I have done a lot to become closer with Norbert in the past 8 years, every time getting deeper and deeper into this relationship I have built for myself with him. I've learned to draw him to a (modestly) high standard, I paint him, I've recorded the show and edited the ads out, used the recordings to take hundreds of still images and have used those images at one stage to practically wall paper my room. Those images have also been bas basis of my porn collection; my porn isn't dirty, it's just cute pictures of Norbert Beaver. I've created a website for him where I host all my images of him. I have a tattoo and think of him far too much throughout the day and lastly; I have made a large plushie in his likeness. My Norbert plushie has redefined my relationship with him, we sleep together almost every night and I am as much a slave to it as I am to the thought of Norbert. I don't have a plushie fetish; it's because of my desire to be with Norbert that makes the plushie attractive. If it wasn't Norbert I wouldn't want it. But because it is Norbert and because I so desperately want to make passionate love to him, the plushie serves a very important purpose; he is Norbert physically, and we get very physical.

To me, the obsession I have with Norbert feels rather normal, especially as I have had it for so long. It's harmless because it's a cartoon, but imagine if it were an actor or something, someone real. If Norbert was a real person and I did all these things for him, it would be really scary. If for example I had a life sized human doll in the likeness of Brad Pitt and I covered my room in photos of him and had his face tattooed on my arm and filled two folders with drawings of him; I could be considered a very dangerous and disturbed person. I do all these things for Norbert and no one really seems to mind. People can

decide for themselves if it's okay to be infatuated with a cartoon character, I myself believe it's nowhere near as freaky as an obsession with a real human. I understand why people would disagree with that but it's just my opinion and I stand by it.

ACCEPTING THE REALITY.

You may consider me to be a very selfish and controlling person; I guess I am.

I like being in control of the relationship with Norbert, and in control of him. Everything is my way and Norbert never disagrees. It's security. There are the pros and cons of having a make believe partner and I could write page s listing them all and comparing, but in the end all that matters is whether it suits me and whether I'm happy or not. I'm very happy I can assure you.

It has taken a considerable amount of self reflection to get to where I am, for years it has affected my life and upset me, all while providing me with much needed sexual sustenance. In recent years however I have grown to fully accept my attraction to Norbert and other characters and not worry myself with the fact that it's not normal.

In the early days of this relationship I considered going into animation as a career, but I eventually realised that I just wanted to chase Norbert and animation wasn't the way to go. I don't have a passion for drawing or painting at all, the passion is for Norbert. I paint Norbert because of Norbert. I draw him because I love him and it's a way for me to feel closer to him. Creating him makes me feel more in touch, it's quite a powerful feeling I get when I draw him.

Without Norbert there would be no painting, there would be no drawings, there would be nothing that really defines me and who I am. I'm known to a lot of people as that guy who can draw the beavers really well (and that I'm totally obsessed), but that's about it; I'm rather plain. No I don't hang on to him for this reason, it's not like I'm afraid of letting go because I'll have no purpose, it's

mainly because I just can't. My world is dependant on Norbert Beaver. He is a part of who I am, he defines me. No one can take him away from me, not even myself, I've tried! He will always be the biggest aspect of my life until the time comes when something more important comes along, until then he owns me.

I feel like my attraction to Norbert is perfectly natural and thinking of seeking a relationship with another person makes my skin crawl, like telling a heterosexual to be gay. Cartoons are my sexuality; human beings are not a part of the picture at all.

I know for sure that I cannot get the *real* Norbert Beaver, but there is always a way to get him in some form. Currently I have a very nice plushie that I made in his likeness that I have grown greatly attached to; it has in effect *become* Norbert. But I continuously strive for a better substitute and tell myself every night that he is mine and I will get him one way or another, even if it takes the rest of my lonely, pathetic life. Where will I be 10 years from now? Hopefully holding a better, more realistic surrogate body of Norbert Beaver.

SEX.

I don't really need to go into *detail* about why I made a large plushie of Norbert. It's obvious. To be able to cuddle him, kiss him and fall asleep with him in my arms... it makes our relationship everything it should be. There's nothing better than waking up in the morning, seeing your love lying next to you and embracing him. He's perfect for me. He's not just a soft toy, not a lifeless bag of stuffing; he is Norbert Beaver in the flesh.

Because my world of sexual activity is restricted to fictional characters, I'm very free to explore my attractions to other characters. When I find someone (a character) rather attractive, I'll pursue that attraction quite fast. It's very easy, there's no messing around and I'm able to get straight to the point. The first attraction towards the character on screen is very minimal, its not until it's on paper and in front of my face that I know whether it's going to work or not. These attractions don't last though; very rarely do they last more than a month at best. No one can out do Norbert.

Looking back on the things that weirdly interested me as a child, I know now that this cartoon love isn't anything recent. I have had some powerful crushes on certain (but very few) cartoon characters (all animal based) as far back as 6 years old. I have also had some other interesting (and equally horrible) interests that back then I didn't know were sexual as I had no concept. Those interests developed when I became of age and I have only realised the link between them and what I thought about as a child recently. It's rather scary how early some sexual desires show themselves, especially when that person is no where near the right age and also developed over a year late. Freak.

CHEMICAL CASTRATION.

My experience of being on this drug has shown me what I really love compared to what I simply find sexually attractive. I have determined that while on the drug, my interest in bestiality dropped dramatically, it no longer became an issue. On the flip side, my interest in cartoons, Norbert Beaver in particular, remained as strong as ever. Although my interest in sex with Norbert was diminished, my interest in him was not. I came to crave him more during treatment, which surprised me as I had expected to perhaps fall out of love with him.

My reason for coming off the drug is due to Norbert Beaver. My lust for him never went away and the torment of wanting to make satisfying love to him and not being able to have driven me mad lately.

With the knowledge that dogs are not an issue and that Norbert really is the only one I want, I believe it is safe for me to come off the drug that protect the dogs from me. I know that I will lust for them again and that I will become a high risk offender if I were ever put in the position to, but you'll just have to trust me. It's my goal to stay out of trouble to I will be doing my best to stay away from any dogs. With Norbert keeping me sustained, I don't believe that dogs will be an issue anyway.

This drug may be suitable for some men with paraphiliac interests, but it's not for me due to Norbert Beaver.

HISTORY.

In November 2006 I had just left my job and was moving away from home to live in the city and get a new job. On the day that I was moving my mother was helping me pack the stuff out of my room and she stopped and said that we need to talk. Of course I was worried; she looked so serious I thought someone has died! She said that she had found an email on her computer and that it worried her. I had spent the weekend at her place a couple of weeks back and had used her computer to email my furry contacts, now I realise I didn't clean up properly after myself. She said that it contained talk of bestiality and that she was worried I had done some bad stuff, I don't blame her; it was a not the sort of email you want your mum to see! I had to confess my wicked ways, I also took the opportunity to tell her that I was gay as well; this was the first time I told a family member about this. I explained that I was a furry and that I have more interest in Norbert Beaver than any dog, though the attraction exists. It was a touchy subject for about a year; every now and then we talked of it clarifying it more and more. These days we're totally open and she accepts what I am because I understand myself enough to restrain myself from doing anything stupid. Even though I know in my mind that all I need is opportunity and I'd probably do it anyway, it's a dangerous form of chance where I win and loose at the same time.

I have tried I leave Norbert about 2 times now, both attempts have been total failures, as you can see. In early 2005 something compelled me to stop seeing Norbert, it lasted a week. I tried again in late 2006, I decided it was time for me to be normal and meet some guys. First thing I did was strip my room of all Norbert's pictures and go totally without. This only moved the problem

somewhere else; I had to lavish my love on something so it all ended up going on Dog (Footrot Flats). 2 weeks past and I realised it was stupid to even try; I couldn't kid myself any more. I came to a great realisation that being a furry isn't actually all that bad, I accepted that I was probably going to be this way for a very long time and that I needed to just roll with it. I accepted Norbert Beaver as my significant other and decided to devote my love to him. I got a tattoo of him on my arm to mark this time in my life.

I did still try to find another man, I thought that it could work and I needed REAL FLEASH. At that time I did not have a plushy to squeeze, Norbert wasn't as real to me as he is now. I went out and found one loose guy; he was the first person I ever kissed. Honestly I didn't like it. I did like giving him pleasure in ways you'd find disgusting. I never saw him again after that night; it was only about 3 hours we were together. Months later I was shown a place called the basement, it was a wonderful place. It was a dark maze of dark rooms and passage ways, full of naked middle-aged men all horny for a good fuck. I went through a phase where this was my thing and liked it. After a few visits though I started to loath the human male, I know it's not fair because they were all gross and old but that's besides that point; I wasn't aroused enough any of the time at all to make it count. What did I do all that time at the basement then? Use your imagination! It's not worth destroying your mind explaining.

The last time I was ever with a man was in late 2009, this time it was different. A co worker put me on to him and told me he was keen for a good casual buddy, I was in a frisky mood so I said hook me up. He did and I met the blackest man I have ever seen! It was certainly an interesting night; my Nigerian mate and I hit it off wonderfully. We enjoyed the evening before settling down for some good sex, which pretty much went on until about 5am.

We even involved Norbert, my plushy. It was kinky! I never thought I'd see the day that I'd be able to say that I had a 3 way with Norbert and another man. I had never been with a man at his house in his bed with him making oh so sweet love, it was new and I liked it. But still, I wasn't aroused enough by him to make ends meet so I am STILL a virgin. He was ignorant enough that he had no idea furries existed of that some men like to have sex with dogs, I explained it all to him and he couldn't believe it. I wasn't until I showed him the porno videos that he believed me! He found my Norbert Beaver obsession to be very intriguing and wanted to know everything about it. I explained it entirely and he listened intently, but still he couldn't understand why I wouldn't let him be my Norbert. He wanted to be what Norbert was to me and I simply reminded him that I'm into fur and that the reason I was with him is because I needed something real to roll around with. He eventually understood. A few days later I decided I had enough of humans for one year and told him I didn't want to do anything again. He was most upset but I had to, even though he really liked me and accepted that I was into dogs and beavers I still told him to take a hike. I am property of Norbert Beaver; I belong to him and no one else. That's the way it was and that's the way it is. Since then Norbert and I have been strong as.

CONCLUSION.

I'm sure I may form a relationship with another person one day, but Norbert will never go away. He may have to take a step back but he is too much a part of me now. That's what makes it almost impossible for me to make it with a person, I simply cannot. I have tried, 3 times in the past 4 years. I just love Norbert too damn much, I choose him over any man. Only once in my life have I ever felt like I truly loved another man, it was in the last half of 2006, his name was Andrew Francis John Orpin. I had worked with him for almost a year without interest; he was quite odd, not like the rest of the tradesmen I was working with at the time. He was quirky but at the same time it made him rather cute, although he was in fact 37 years old I was strongly drawn to him like no one else before. I dreamed of him, which says a lot because I have never dreamed of Norbert Beaver. On my last week at that job I confessed my great desire for him, and he simply smiled and said "I don't know" and we left it at that. Looking back I think I would have felt better had he just told me to fuck off and closed the deal. A year later he walked into the show where I work, it was so busy and I never got to talk with him and he had to leave. I never saw him again. Another year later he died in a car accident. I still haven't got over it, I feel more cheated than I have in my life and it still makes me cry. It was that "I don't know" that leaves me hanging onto him, the possibility of what could have been had we ventured out of our comfort zones. It was Andrew that helped me realise that I am capable of loving another person and that I am in fact not into females (My sexuality was mainly based on the fact that all the cartoon characters I lust for are male). Until eventual change comes, this is how I shall remain. Norbert will continue to be loved and in my box I will remain. I'm

aware of myself and what I do; this knowledge brings strength that will see me down the path of possible change. I'm all good.